

A DELL
10¢
PUBLICATION

MAY-JUNE

Gene Autry

COMICS



SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTIN' DOWN THERE. CHAMP! AN' THAT'S SUN SMOKE, OR I MISS MY GUESSES!

GENE AUTRY

IN

GUNMEN'S GAME



LET'S GO DOWN AN' SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!



STEADY, BOY! HERE COMES SOMEBODY! MAY BE ONE O' THE SUN-TOTERS!



LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN HURT BAD!



HOWDY! ANYTHING I CAN DO? YOU LOOK ALL IN---

I AM... SOMEBODY SHOT ME FROM AROUND--- DRILLED ME THROUGH THE SHOULDER----



TAKE IT EASY, SON! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OYEGULCHER?

HE GOT AWAY-- I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM---



I'M HEADIN' FOR NEGA CITY-- GOT AN IMPORTANT LETTER FOR AN HONORE-- NAMED GENE AUTRY!



THAT'S SURE STRANGE! I'M GENE AUTRY, SON!

HONEST? WELL, LUCKS WITH ME, THIS TIME!



HERE'S THE LETTER! IT'S FROM SHERIFF WILLIAMS O' SILVER CITY! HE'S MY UNCLE---



WILL YOU GO TO SILVER CITY, ANUTER AUTRY... LIKE UNCLE JOE WANTS!

I SURE WILL-- AS SOON AS I GET YOU SAFE TO THE DOG IN TOWN! NOW LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT THAT SHOULDER!

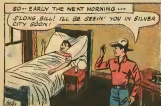


A FEW MINUTES LATER---

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THINK YOU CAN STAND IT?

SURE! I FEEL BETTER---





PICK UP YOUR FEET, CHAMP! WE'VE GOT A LONG RIDE TO SILVER CITY!



HOURS LATER...

THERE'S A WATER HOLE AHEAD! WE BOTH SURE CAN USE A DRINK, CAN'T WE, BOY?



LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S BEEN CAMPIN' HERE! WONDER WHERE HE IS?



HEY! ANYBODY HERE !!



HEH! LOOKS LIKE THAT BUREAU'S THE ONLY LIVING THING AROUND HERE! BUT HE SURE DIDNT BUILD THAT FIRE OR MAKE THAT COFFEE !!



DONT SEE ANY SIGNS OF A FIGHT! BUT NOBODY'D LEAVE A FIRE BURNIN' AN A CAMP MESSED UP LIKE THIS -- UNLESS HE WAS FORCED TO !!



WHAT'S THIS ?



AN EMPTY WALLET! WITH THE INITIALS J.C. MAYBE SHERIFF WILLIAMS'LL KNOW WHO J.C. IS!



HERE'S THE BURRO'S TRACKS --- FOLLOWIN' A HORSE --- UP TO THE WATER HOLE ---



AND HERE'S TRACKS O' TWO HORSES, COMIN' UP TO THE WATER HOLE FROM THE HILLS!



AND HERE'S THE PRINTS O' THREE HORSES, RIGH' AWAY FROM THE WATER HOLE TOWARDS THE HILLS!



I WONDER IF ONE O' 'EM--MAYBE J.C.--HAD A GUN IN HIS BACK WHEN HE RODE AWAY! SURE LOOKS LIKE HE LEFT IN AN AWFUL RUSH!



JO BETTER TAKE THIS STUFF IN TO SHERIFF WILLIAMS QUICK AS I CAN!



WE SURE GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME! WONDER IF THAT HONORABLE AUNTIE!







HE WAS CARRYIN' SOME PROSPECTIN' EQUIPMENT!

YEAH! BUT NOTHIN' TO TELL WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM!



LET'S FORGET THIS MYSTERY FOR A MINUTE AN' HEAR WHAT'S BOTHERIN' YOU!

LIKE I WROTE YOU, WE'VE BEEN HAVIN' A WHEE OF HOLOGS AN' COUNTERFEITS!



MARKED ROAD AGENTS HAVE HELD UP THE LAST THREE SHIPMENTS FROM THE SILVER LADY MINE - AN' GOT AWAY WITH THE HORSES, WAGONS AN' ORE! WE CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF 'EM!

ON TOP O' THAT, THIS WHOLE COUNTRY'S BEEN FLOODED WITH FAKE SILVER DOLLARS AN' HALF DOLLARS! AN' WE CAN'T FIND A CLUE TO THE COUNTERFEITERS!



I'VE WRITTEN TO WASHINGTON FOR HELP, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD AN ANSWER YET! HERE'S ONE O' THE FAKE HALF DOLLARS!



IT RINGS LIKE A REAL HALF DOLLAR! ARE YOU SURE IT'S COUNTERFEIT?

LOOK AT THE STARS AROUND THE EDGE! THERE'S ONLY ELEVEN! SENIORS COINS HAVE TWELVE!



THAT'S A STRANGE MISTAKE FOR A COUNTERFEITER TO MAKE! MAYBE IT WAS ON PURPOSE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



SUPPOSE THE MAN WHO MADE THE DESIGN FOR THE DIB FOR THIS COIN WAS FORCED INTO DOIN' IT! SUPPOSE HE MADE THE MISTAKE TO TIP FOLKS OFF!!









WELL, WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT THAT?



GOT THE NEWS, BRANY! KATE'S SISTER, JALYS IN TOWN! AUNTIE'S DRAGG'N' HER OUT TO THE RANCH IN THE SHERIFF'S BUCKBOARD!



KATE'LL THROW A FIT WHEN SHE SEES THOSE TWO!

IF YOU TOOK THE SHORT CUT THROUGH THE HILLS, PERHAPS YOU COULD STOP 'EM BEFORE KATE SEES 'EM!



THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!



THE SHERIFF CERTAINLY WAS SURPRISED WHEN I TOLD HIM I HAD KATE'S SISTER! SAID I DIDN'T LOOK ONE BIT LIKE HER!



YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW KATE OR YOUR UNCLE HENRY AT ALL, DO YOU?

NO! I'VE NEVER SEEN EVEN A PICTURE OF THEM!



HERE THEY COME NOW! KATE OUGHTA RAISE MY PAY FOR THIS!



STAND STILL, YOU DANDY DAVASE!
I GOTTA MAKE THIS FIRST SHOT GOOD!



OHhhh!!

DUCK, JALLY!



THE HORSES ARE RUNNING AWAY!

SIT TIGHT! I'LL HOLD 'EM!



HOLD ON! I'M STOPPING THEM!



NO USE GOIN' BACK NOW! THE DRAYLACHERS
GONE BY THIS TIME! IF THE HORSES
HAIN'T SOLED, I MIGHTA GOT NOW!



WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE SOMEONE SHOT
AT US?

I DON'T KNOW! A LITTLE
DANDY THING'S ARE HAPPENIN'
AROUND HERE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN
YOU'RE SAFE WITH YOUR DUTTER!



LATER...

HERE'S THE RANCH, MISS SALLY!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE
KATE AND UNCLE HENRY! OH, I
HOPE THEY'LL LIKE ME!



NOW THAT I'M HERE, I'M ALL
EXCITED!...



WELL?

KATE! I'M SALLY, YOUR SISTER'S
SISTER! I'VE COME TO SURPRISE
YOU AND UNCLE HENRY!



AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME, KATE ...
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

HOW DO YA KNOW SHE'S YOUR
SISTER, KATE? SHE OUGHTA PROVE
IT!



I CAN PROVE WHO I AM! HERE'S THE
LOCKET WITH THE PICTURE OF MOTHER AND
FATHER!



YOU HAVE A LOCKET JUST LIKE THIS
ONE, KATE! MOTHER GAVE THEM TO US!

YEAH! YOU'RE SALLY,
ALL RIGHT!



OH KATE! I'M SO HAPPY TO BE WITH YOU AT
LAST!

CUT OUT THE SALLY-BABBLIN',
SALLY, AN' COME ON IN!







THEY TURNED OUT TO BE A COUPLE OF
COWBOYS, LOOKIN' FOR SOME LOST
STEEPS! I AGOED WITH 'EM A LITTLE
WAY! WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP—
EVERYTHING WAS GONE!



THIS IS MY STUFF, ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! SURE
GLAD IT WASN'T STOLEN!

MY FRIENDS BE FUSHER-CASTED!
HE THOUGHT HE HAD DONE THE RIGHT
THING TO BRING IT ON! HIS NAME'S
GENE ANTRY!



GENE ANTRY! SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD
THAT NAME BEFORE!

YOU PROBABLY HAVE! HE'S GOT A
REPUTATION AS A SORTA
LAWMAN! I ASKED HIM TO HELP
ME HERE IN SILVER CITY!



I'M BACK, JOE! —OH, EXCUSE ME, I DON'T
KNOW YOU WERE BUSY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! COME ON IN!



GENE, THIS IS LOU CLARK, OUR
MYSTERIOUS M.I.!

I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU
ALIVE AN' KICKIN', MYSTER CLARK!



NOW WE THREE HAVE SORTA TALK OVER
THE WHOLE SILVER CITY MESS!

YEAH! AN' I'VE GOT A HUNCH
THERE'S SOMETHIN' FURRY GOIN'
ON OUT AT THE NEWTON RANCH!



ME TOO! BUT I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER
ON IT! NEWTON USED TO BE A
COLLEGE PROFESSOR! HE AN' KATE
CAME OUT HERE A COUPLE YEARS AGO
ON ACCOUNT OF HIS HEALTH!



BUT NOBODY JESSE MICH' NEWTON! KATE
RUNS THE RANCH WITH A COUPLE TIGHT
COW HANDS!

LET'S FORGET THE NEWTONS
FOR A WHILE! IF ANYONE TO
HEAR ABOUT THE FUR-ERS AN'
THE COWTAKING!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

I GUESS WE'VE COVERED EVERY-
THING! SO I THINK I'LL TURN IN!



THERE'S AN EXTRA BUNK FOR YOU IN MY
QUARTERS, CLARK! YOU CAN HAVE 'EM, GENE!

THANKS, JOE! BUT I'D RATHER BUNK IN
HERE ON THE COUCH!



SURE YOU WANTA SLEEP IN HERE, GENE?

YEE! I'VE GOTTA HUNCH THAT
DRYBULCHER MIGHT COME
HOSIN' AROUND AGAIN TONIGHT!
I WANTA BE READY TO NAB HIM!



BETTER SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN, GENE!

I WILL! S'NIGHT, JOE!



AN HOUR LATER...

I'VE GOTTA GET AUTREY THIS TIME...
OR ELSE! THE BOSS DON'T WANT HIM
AROUND!



IT'S UNLOCKED, ALL RIGHT!



WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A DOOR OPENIN'!













...SO THAT'S THE PLAN, JOE! NOW YOU'RE TO STAY HERE IN TOWN AN' TELL CLARK THAT A LOAD OF ORE IS LEAVING THE SILVER LADY MINE ABOUT MIDNIGHT!



AN' THEN YOU'RE TO BE AT THE MINE AT MIDNIGHT WITH A FEW GOOD MEN!

I'LL BE THERE, GENE! IT SURE SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!



SALLY! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I RAN-- ALL THE WAY-- TO SILVER CITY-- TO FIND YOU!



NOW TELL US WHAT HAPPENED, SALLY!

KATE LOCKED ME IN MY ROOM-- I WAITED TILL ONE AND DODGE WENT OUT TO THE CORRAL-- THEN I CLIMBED OUT OF THE WINDOW!



UNCLE HENRY ISN'T THERE? THEY WON'T TELL ME WHERE HE IS! I'M AFRAID OF KATE! THERE'S SOMETHING AWFUL GOING ON-- BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT!



WHAT KIND OF COLLEGE PROFESSOR WAS YOUR UNCLE, SALLY?

HE WAS AN ART TEACHER--



THAT EXPLAINS A LOT! REMEMBER THE ELEVEN STARS IN THE COIN, JOE?

I SURE DO!



WE'LL GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS FOR TONIGHT! I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE MINE NOW! TAKE CARE O' SALLY, JOE!



LATER-AT A LITTLE RANCH IN THE HILLS---



JUST HEARD IN TOWN THAT A LOAD OF DGS IS LEAVIN' THE SILVER LADY AT MIDNIGHT! GALLY'S WITH THE SHERIFF!

SHE RAN AWAY! HE CAME OUT TO TALK THINGS OVER, SLADE!



I SAY WE OUGHTA ALL TAKE IT ON THE LAM AN' GO OUT WHILE OUR DINGS ARE WHOLE! WITH GALLY BLASSIN' AN' THAT AUNTIE ON THE JOB---



GALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING TO SLAD, 'CEPT THAT SHE AINT BEEN HENRY'S AUNTIE AINT GOT ANYTHING ON US! WE GOT A PERFECT WOODOUT HERE!



SLADE'S GOT A SODD REPUTATION! NOBODY'LL THINK O' LOOKIN' AT HIS RANCH FOR US AN' OUR SWEETER! THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN PAY THE COUNTERFEITIN' OR THE HOLD-UPS ON US!



IF THEY NOSE AROUND OUR SPREAD, I'LL TELL 'EM GALLY'S CRAZY-- THAT HENRY'S GONE TO KANSAS CITY TO SEE A DOC!



THEN, AFTER A WHILE, WE'LL BANG BACK HENRY'S DEAD BODY AN' TELL 'EM HE DED O' HEART FAILURE!



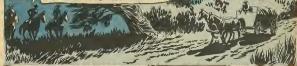
I STILL SAY WE OUGHTA SCRAM-- NOW!

I SAY WE'RE GOIN' TO STAY! AN' I'M THE BOSS! WE AINT BINN' UP A SODD RAGGET WHEN NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING ON US! WE'RE GETTIN' THAT ONE, TONIGHT!



AT MIDNIGHT --

HERE COMES THE WAGON NOW!
WHEN IT PASSES THAT CROOKED PINE
TREE, START FIRIN'! DON'T SHOOT
THE HORDES! WE NEED 'EM!



READY, BOYS!



KEEP THE HORDES MOVIN', PARKING!



IT'S A'UTRY AN' THE SHERIFF!

SCRAM--- QUICK!



BEANY'S DONE FOR! RIDE FOR THE
HIGBOTS!!

YOU FOOL! THAT'S WHAT
THEY WANT US TO DO! HEAD
FOR THE HILLS!



I'M SICK O' TAKIN' ORDERS FROM YOU!
I'M THE BOSS NOW!!





I FOUND 'EM IN THEIR HIDEOUT...SLADE'S RANCH! THE MACHINERY FROM THE OLD SMELTER WAS SET UP IN A BARN! THERE WAS A COUNTERFEITIN' OUTFIT IN THE CELLAR!



THEY HAD A GOOD GAME... WHILE IT LASTED... STRAININ' THE OLD SMELTERIN' IT AN' MAKIN' IT INTO FAKE COINS!



THE WOMAN CALLED KATE WAS REALLY DOLLY DODDS, RANDY DODDS' WIFE! THEY KILLED THE REAL KATE AN' KIDNAPED HER UNCLE HENRY!



THEY FORCED ME TO DESIGN THE DIES FOR THEIR COUNTERFEIT COINS! I LEFT OUT ONE STAR, HOPING SOMEONE WOULD NOTICE IT!



THEY KIDNAPED ME FROM MY CAMP AT THE WATERHOLE, JUST AS AUNTIE FIGURED! THEY SENT THE FAKE CLARK TO KEEP TRACK OF WHAT YOU WERE DOING!



THE NEXT DAY...

WELL, THEY ALL CONFESSED! SLADE OVERHEARD 'EM TALKIN' TO YOUNG BILL AN' TRIED TO ANNOY HIM! BOTH SLADE AN' BRADY TRIED TO GET ME! AN' THE FAKE CLARK UNLOCKED THE BACK DOOR THAT NIGHT!



FROM NOW ON THE GATES OF THE HENTON RANCH WILL BE WIDE OPEN! SO COME UP SOON, GENE!

I OWE YOU, SALLY!



MIGHTY HANDY



The wind raged in from the plains, howling like a demon as it swept around the roof of the small railroad station. Up the slow grade from Elk's Falls plodded a snorting freight, the glow of its hard-working engine bright against the black winter sky.

Old Lije Seymour, snug by the pot-bellied stove in the waiting room, lifted his head. "Here comes old Forty-two, Herb! Better get outside 'case it stops," he called in the cracked voice of an old, old man.

Herb Seymour came from the inner office, his sheepskin-lined coat high up about his ear muffs and coonskin cap. He cast an affectionate smile at his grandfather. The old man was really wide-awake, in spite of his eighty years.

Herb opened the door against the gale. To Lije, it seemed as if the wind reached out and snatched Herb into the darkness. He smiled to himself. Herb was a good boy, and a good station agent, too. Everyone liked and trusted him.

Lije moved the rush-bottomed chair back a foot or two. The fire was getting mighty hot. He went back to his thoughts. Where was he? Oh, yes, Herb. Herb was a youngster, only thirty, and he sure had plenty of responsibility. Right this minute he was guardian of the mine payroll, several thousand dollars, keeping it until mine guards could pick it up tomorrow. Snow-blocked trails had prevented their getting through tonight.

The chimney rattled anew under the force of the wind. For a moment, Lije wished he could hear the wind, not just feel it. When a man lost his hearing, he was shut out of so many things.

Lije dozed in the warmth of the stove. He did not see Herb return. He did not see the two men who stealthily followed Herb. Lije was still dazing when rough hands shook him.

"Wake up, Grandpop!"

Lije peered up at the speaker. He shrank from the wicked eyes, but the muzzle of the gun pointed at his chest did not worry him at all. Lije had met too many "bad men" in his younger years to be afraid.

"What's the combination o' the safe?" the stranger snarled.

Lije shrugged and pointed to his ears. "I'm deaf," he said. "Stone deaf. What'd yuh say?"

"Never mind about him, Tip." A second man joined the first. This man had blue eyes, cold as icicles. "Jes' tie him up. Nobody'll find him till mornin'."

"Whatever you say, Mike." Tip pulled a length of clothesline from his mackinaw pocket.

"Where's Herb, the station agent?" quavered Lije, submitting to the bonds without a murmur. He knew how to hold his wrists so that slipping off the ropes was only a matter of minutes. He'd let these outlaws think they had him. Then they wouldn't shoot him.

"He ain't hurt," said Tip, loudly, tying the rope bonds in a tight knot.

"En?" Lije cupped his hand to his ear. "What'd yuh say?"

"He's ALL RIGHT!" Tip yelled.

"Gone fer the night?" Lije's voice cracked on the question. "That's funny. I been waitin' fer him."

"He ain't GONE!" screamed Tip.

"He's all right!"

Mike called from the office door, "Quit tryin' to make that deaf old fool

understand, and gimme a hand with this safe. It's a cinch."

Fifteen minutes later Lije saw the bandits come out of the office. Mike was carrying the express box. That box held the mine payroll!

"Hey, you varmints!" Lije called. "Put back that box! There's wimmen an' children gotta eat on that cash!"

Both stopped to face him, and Tip laughed uproariously. "I wisht old Grandpop could hear me. I'd tell him a thing or two."

"Don't waste your breath," was Mike's retort. "Let's get goin'! I wanta reach The Notch while the wind's still rarin'. It'll blow away our tracks."

"The Notch?" exploded Tip. "There's no hidin' place in The Notch!"

Mike chuckled. "No? Well, there's a little shack, about a mile west o' The Notch, where all the sheriffs in the West'll never find us. It's hid right back o' Elk's Falls an'—"

"Shut up!" broke in Tip. "Want that agent to hear us?"

"He won't come to for hours, after that conk on the head." Mike strode toward the door. "By that time, we'll be holed up safe an' sound. C'mon."

The two men slammed the door behind them and old Lije was alone again. He counted slowly to two thousand before he moved. That should give them time enough to get away. Cautiously, he wiggled his wrists. S'pose he'd forgotten the old trick he'd learned when he was a United States Marshal, so many years ago? Mighty handy, that trick. He chuckled. His hands were old and gnarled but they'd lost none of their cunning. One twist, another and another. He was free!

Hours later, when the wind had died down and the air was crystal clear, Sheriff Stevens and a posse closed in on an old shack west of The Notch and back of Elk's Falls. Tip and Mike, sound asleep after their cold, tiring ride, leaped from their bunks as the door flew open and the room filled with men and guns.

"Reach for the sky!" barked the

sheriff.

A posseman hurried forward with handcuffs. Two others pounced on the express box, lying on a rickety table. "Here's the cash, Sheriff!"

Sheriff Stevens nodded. "Reckon the minin' comp'ny oughta hand out a nice reward for this piece o' detectin'!"

"I don't get it," growled Mike. "How did you know where to find us?"

There was a broad smile on the Sheriff's face as he pushed aside a couple of men and pointed to Lije. The old man's gray beard was neatly spread across his rough jacket, to which was pinned a tarnished United States Marshal's star.

"HIM?" Mike and Tip yelled in unison.

Sheriff Stevens nodded. "Sure. He told us where you holed up."

Tip whirled on Mike. "I told yuh not to shoot off your big mouth."

"He couldn't hear me," said Mike. "He's deaf . . . or is he?" He looked at the Sheriff.

"Deaf'n a post," said Sheriff Stevens.

"Then how—"

Lije did not let Mike finish. Stepping forward, he squared his thin shoulders.

"I'll tell yuh," he chuckled. "I've been deaf for thirty years. I didn't wanta miss too much so I took up lip readin'. Yellin' at you birds made yuh face me so's I could read your lips. It's a right smart trick. Better study it yourself while you're in the Big House. You never can tell when it'll come in mighty handy!"



GENE AUTRY

AND THE GHOST OUTLAWS

DID YOU HEAR
THAT NOISE, CHAMP?
SOUNDED LIKE SOMEBODY
CALLIN' FOR
HELP!

THERE IT IS AGAIN!
COMIN' FROM
THOSE BUSHES...

HE-E-ELP!

I'M COMIN',
MASTER!

HE-E-ELP!

ROAD AGENTS SHOT ME, LEFT ME
FOR DEAD, MY MASON.
DON'T TRY TO TALK! LET ME
LOOK AT THAT WOUND IN
O' YOURS!

IT'S NO USE! I'M DYIN'!
GOT TO
TALK...
HELP...
MY...
DAUGHTER.

TAKE IT SLOW,
MISTER! WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOUR
DAUGHTER?





LATER THAT
SAME DAY...

WHY, HELEN SEAYDON?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT
SCHOOL IN N' ORLEANS!

I GRADUATED
LAST WEEK, MISS
SHAW! DAD WROTE
ME TO MEET
HIM HERE!

HE EXPECTED TO REACH REMANIDE
EARLY THIS MORNING. BUT HE HASN'T
ARRIVED AND I'M GETTING WORRIED!

YOUR PA'S NO
TENDERFOOT! HE
CAN TAKE CARE OF
HIMSELF!

ARRIVED AND
I'M GETTING
WORRIED!



HE SHOULD C.M. UNLESS HE RAN
INTO THE GHOST OUTLAWS
O' DEVIL'S PASS!



DEVIL'S PASS! THAT'S THE
REAL DAD WAS TAKING! NOW,
I KNOW SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM!



SHINE ON YOU, BEEBA, SCHEEN' HELEN!

WELL, THREE WAGONS AN'
THEIR DRIVERS DISAPPEARED
OVERA TH' FACE O' TH' EARTH
LAST WEEK, AN'

GHOST OUTLAWS,
BIDDLESTICKS!



HUSH THAT TALK, BEEBA!
COME OUT AN' STAY
AT OUR PLACE TILL
YOUR PA SHOWS UP
HELEN!

THANKS, BUT I'LL
STAY IN REMANIDE
UNTIL I HEAR
FROM DAD OR
SEE HIM!



DON'T WORRY, HELEN!
YOUR DAD'LL BE
HERE SOON!

I HOPE
SO!















IS HE DEAD?

YEAH! YOU
GOT HIM,
ALL RIGHT!



EVER SEEN
HIM BEFORE?

SHORE HAVE!
LAST NIGHT!



HIM AN' A COUPLE OTHER
FELLAS WAS DRINKIN' IN ONE
JOE'S BAR; I PUT UP THERE
FOR TH' NIGHT!

DID YOU
DO ANY
TALKIN'
WITH 'EM?



NOPE! DIDN'T
TALK TO
NOBODY 'CEPT
ONE JOE!



HOW ABOUT YOU TAKIN' THIS
BURNIN' BODY INTO SHERIFF
TOWN IN RAINWATER THERE?
MIGHT BE A REWARD FOR HIM...
... DEAD OR ALIVE!

SHORE
WILL!



WHO'S THIS ONE
JOE YOU SPOKE
ABOUT? AN'
WHERE DOES
HE HAND OUT?

HE RUNS A
TRADIN' POST
OVER ON CEDAR
RIVER... 'BOUT
THREE MILES
EAST O' HERE!



HE SELLS GUNS, DRINKS,
AN' SUPPLIES... MOSTLY TO
WESTBOUND TRAVELERS! REMEMBS
'EM AN' THEIR WAGONS ACROSS
TH' RIVER, TOO, ON A FLAT-BOTTOMED
BARGE!











THAT NIGHT BAXTER AND CHAMP SWAM THE RIVER. SUNUP FOUND THEM DRIFTING ONE JOE'S...



I'M SURE JOE TIPS OFF THE OUTLAWS
SOMEBODY! I HOPE HE FIGURED THAT
WAGON'S WORTH HOLDIN' UP!
THEN MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT HOW
HE DOES IT!



I'D BETTER TRY
TO GET A
LITTLE CLOSER!



THE
COPPER
KETTLE!!



RECKON EVEN
THAT SHART-ALECK
COWBOY'D
NEVER FIGGER
THIS ONE
OUT!



THAT'S MIGHTY PUZZLIN'!
I DON'T SEE HOW THAT
KETTLE...



OF COURSE! THE
KETTLE'S THE SIGNAL!
ANYBODY ON THESE
HILLS ACROSS THE
RIVER COULD
SPOT IT!







IT WAS CLEM BRADYON YOU HURD, GENE!
WE FOUND THE BODDLE O'
THE OTHER HUSSIN'
DRIVERS, TOO!

THAT OUGHTA BE
ENOUGH EVIDENCE
TO HANG BRAD
BAXTER AN'
HIS GANG!



WE GOTTA
CATCH 'EM
FIRST!

I'VE GOT A PLAN
FOR DOIN' JUST
THAT... IF YOU'LL
HELP ME!



I'LL DO ANYTHING THAT'LL KNIF A ROPE AROUND
BAXTER'S NECK!

I'LL NEED A SOLID-BUILT
COVERED WAGON... A SUIT O'
STORE CLOTHES AN' A LONG GRAY BEARD!
MEET ME AT THE FORKS SIX MILES EAST
O' CRUE JOE'S AT NOON SHARP!



WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT
UP HIS SLEEVE?

SEARCH ME... BUT I'M
SITTIN' IT'LL LAND
THEM SHOT OUTLAWE
IN THE HODGSON!



LATER CRUE JOE
FORGES A WAGON
ACROSS THE RIVER.

'YESSUR-REE! WHEN
THEY CITY SLICKER
SAY HE'D SWINDLE TWO
THOUSAND DOLLARS

FOR MY PACH, I GRABBED
DARTO IT QUICK... AND
HEADED WEST
FROM HE
O'D CHANGE
HIS MIND.



YOU AIN'T
CARRON' ALL
THAT MONEY
WITH YOU,
ARE YOU?

SURE! I AIN'T SWEARED
O' OUTLAWE! THEY'D NEVER
SUSPICION AN OL'
GENTLE
LIKE ME
O' HAVIN' A
BANDOLL!



I'M PRETTY SURE
JOE DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE
ME!



NOW I'LL
SEE IF HE
SHALLOWED
THE BAIT...

A FEW MINUTES
LATER...

THERE'S THE
KETTLE
SIGNAL!

WELL, THE TRAP'S
ALL SET ...

PULL ON
MYSTERY!
THIS IS A
HOLD-UP!

D-DON'T SHOOT
I AIN'T
A-A-ARMED

HAND OVER YOUR
CASH, OLD TIMER!
AN' BE QUICK
ABOUT IT!

IT'S ... IT'S HERE
ON THE BEET IN
TH' S-STRONG
BOX!

TOSS IT DOWN! AN'
NO TRICKS!

BEAD! THERE'S
RIDERS COMIN'
OVER THAT
RIDGE!

WE'LL HAVE TO WHOOPEE, AN'
TAKE THIS OL' COSSER WITH US!
GET TH' GATE OPEN, BO!

DON'T MAKE NO FALSE MOVES,
MYSTER! I'VE GOT HIM COVERED!
START DRIVIN'!





